

Dr. Time's Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

Some sincere and natural interference with the poor and suffering, and the character of duty—James Marquette.

HOW TO EQUALIZE TAXATION.

As the time for the assembling of the Legislature approaches, the question of equalization of taxes is receiving its usual attention. Many plans have been proposed from time to time, but none that was altogether satisfactory. In our opinion the remedy is to be found in a change of the system of laying and collecting State taxes. The most glaring inequalities are in the personal property assessments. But under the plan which we have in mind these would be eliminated by exempting all personal property, tangible and intangible, from taxation for State purposes. In 1906 the State received from this source \$438,225 in revenue, of which \$137,890 was for schools and \$30,689 for pensions. Granting that she would continue to make the same appropriations for schools and pensions under the plan proposed, she would lose a yearly revenue of something less than \$500,000. But this in large part could be offset by requiring the several counties and cities to pay their own criminal charges. These charges are now paid by the State, and amount to more than \$500,000 per annum. Under the Constitution the State is required to pay half the salaries of judges, but that is not a large item, and the State would save the expense of making assessments on personal property, and by equalizing assessments on real estate her revenues would be materially increased. Besides, the revenues of the State are growing each year by natural accretion. We believe, therefore, that the loss to the State would not be felt.

As for the counties and cities, the change we propose would be economically advantageous to them—to most of them, at least—for the taxes which they pay to the State on personal property, as we have pointed out, in the aggregate approximately \$200,000 a year in excess of their aggregate criminal expenses. Moreover, it needs hardly to be said that criminal expenses would be materially reduced if each county and city should be required to pay its own bills. Such a regulation would tend to increase efficiency in the administration of local affairs and to make the local authorities more diligent in their endeavors to prevent crime.

In order to raise the money necessary to defray criminal expenses, each county and city would have to increase its levy on personal property within its borders, but in most cases, if not in all cases, the increase would not be equal to the present levy for State purposes, for, as already stated, the State levy now includes 20 cents on the hundred for general purposes, 10 cents for schools, and 5 cents for pensions. It is clear, therefore, that on the whole the counties and cities would gain more than they would lose by the change.

The gain to the State would be in getting rid entirely of the annoyance and cost of laying and collecting taxes on personal property. With personal assessments eliminated, it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to devise a plan for equalizing the assessment of lands, which is made only once in five years.

The point may be raised that there is a constitutional obstacle in section 183, which provides that on all real and personal property the rate of State taxation shall be 20 cents on the hundred for general purposes and 10 cents for school purposes. But section 183 further provides that "after the first day of January, 1907, the tax rate upon said real and personal property for such purposes shall be prescribed by law."

The proposed change seems to us to be practicable and in all respects desirable.

A HEART VERDICT.

In arriving at the verdict, explains the foreman of the Washington jury that acquitted Mrs. Annie M. Bradley, "the jury debated every phase of the case, including the instructions of the judge to the jury and every point brought out by the prosecution and defense. It was never the intention of any member of the jury, after the harrowing story of Mrs. Bradley's life, as told by herself on the witness stand, to

bring in verdict of murder in the first degree, as it would take twelve men with hearts of stone to render such a verdict, and the jury, of which I had the honor of being a member, was not composed of that kind of men—they were men of deep sympathies, and could appreciate the trials and sufferings that Mrs. Bradley went through." Precisely. Sincerely sympathetic, governed, and law was thrown to the winds. The foreman did not need to tell the public that he and his associates were swayed by the tender sympathies and malleable emotions of their softened hearts. The verdict speaks for itself. But the law requires that in arriving at conclusions, jurors shall use their heads and not their hearts. It is these "heart verdicts" that are bringing the written law into contempt and encouraging murder. Law is reason and not emotion. Sentimental brain-storms have no place in the jury-room.

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE COLLEGE.

Though the reports are somewhat indecisive, it appears that Swarthmore College has rejected the rich bequest which an eccentric Quaker lady left to it, on condition that it would permanently abandon all intercollegiate sports. At the trustees' meeting on Monday night, President Swain, it is pleasant to note, announced that he was opposed to accepting the gift on the condition imposed. The trustees, it seems, unanimously agreed with him. They declared after the meeting that while a committee had been appointed to determine the value of the proffered gift, the matter was already a closed incident.

Swarthmore's problem has attracted wide attention among educators, because it brought up, in a peculiarly concrete and acute form, the question of the morals of conditional gifts to colleges. This little Pennsylvania college was called on to decide, finally, whether it would exchange one of its common rights and privileges for a sum of money. Materially, it was doubtless highly to its advantage to do so, but it wisely shrank from bartering any of its liberties. Further extension of the principle might be far-reaching. Certainly no lover of freedom and of learning wants to see education in this country controlled by the whims of plutocracy and the free college of to-day converted into the "pocket" institution of to-morrow.

In his dilemma, President Swain addressed letters to twenty-five representative college presidents in America. He asked them whether a college's trustees have the right to bind it for all time with such a restriction. Eleven presidents replied in the negative, seven in the affirmative. Seven were scattering. He asked them whether, in his particular case, Swarthmore should accept this gift, "in case it amounts to \$1,000,000 or more." Thirteen replied in the negative, seven in the affirmative. He asked them whether Swarthmore should accept the gift if it "should be \$300,000." Seventeen replied in the negative.

It is not altogether plain why four college presidents thought that Swarthmore had a moral right to Miss Jeanes's gift if it amounted to \$1,000,000, but did not have such a right if it was only \$300,000. The presidential rationales here become obscure. What is agreeably plain, however, is that this country is in no danger of subsidized education yet awhile.

PASS THE DABNEY ORDINANCE.

Why fight the Dabney ordinance? We can see nothing to be gained by it. The Council will certainly not pass a more drastic measure, and if the Board of Aldermen refuses to legislate, there will be a deadlock and no legislation. The sensible thing to do is to accept the Dabney ordinance as it passed the Council and give it a fair trial. We believe that it will serve its purpose well, reduce the number of saloons, and it will give the people in the residential and factory districts an opportunity to go before Judge Witt and co-operate with the court in blotting out the most objectionable saloons.

If the temperance element will accept this ordinance they will have made a distinct gain; if they oppose it and continue to agitate, they will do the cause more harm than good.

In reply to a question from The Times-Dispatch, the Clifton Forge Review says that it regards Mr. Bryan's financial plan as a good relief measure, but doubts its expediency as a permanent policy of government. It then pays tribute to Mr. Bryan's Christian character, in which we heartily concur, and asks if The Times-Dispatch will "stand pat," provided the Democrats nominate a Bryan for the presidency next year. As we have already answered that question categorically and definitely, we shall not make vain repetition, as the heathen do.

Naturally, we had hoped that the honor of leadership of the Democratic minority in the Senate would fall to Major Daniel, of Virginia; but there can be no possible objection to Mr. Culbertson, of Texas, who has been selected. He is qualified not only to lead the Democratic forces in the Senate, but the Democratic host in the campaign of 1908.

The Chilean government vaccinated 48,123 persons gratis during 1906. Still, it is far less desirable to live in Chili than to be vaccinated on the administration than to luxuriate in Vivacious Virginia and dig up the unaccounted cash for it.

oath to turn out no more high-browed leaders on "The Situation," and the world will settle to rights in no time.

Sanitariously-minded officials of the Lackawanna Railroad, at Scranton, Pa. have issued an order cautioning clerks against sneezing on their ledgers. It does high-handed plutocracy credit to crowd between the worthy poor and their few and simple pleasures.

The esteemed Boston Globe is invited to send the Southern press of this date with great closeness and determine for itself how far Mr. Bradley's acquittal is regarded here as a vindication of "Southern chivalry."

The London Standard opines that the President's message is a good deal of "an electioneering manifesto." We print this, not to twist the Whitehouse but only with the thought that Senator Foraker may be interested in pasting it in his now fall diary.

Nor will we grow unduly peevish if some recognized member of the Paragraphers' Union insists on adding Chancellor Day and all his works to the Bateful Blacklist of Tabooed Topics.

Nearly 3,000 persons hold government positions in the Philippine civil service. Do you wonder that any good Republican knows nearly 3,000 reasons why the islands should not get their independence?

The laws of Williamstown Washington are four times as unwritten as the laws of Snippy Samhouston, and nineteen times as unwritten as the magnificent laws of Royal Richmond.

The usual "leak" on the President's message was pulled off on schedule time in Wall Street. There appears to be something badly wrong with William Loeb's plumbing.

"A smile costs nothing," says Beatrice Fairfax. Beatrice can win many new ardent admirers by demonstrating the truth of this theorem on the Georgia circuits after Jan. 1, next.

A poll taken by a New York newspaper discloses the alarming fact that few Republican Congressmen favor the third-term idea. It may be necessary to elect another Congress.

Up to the hour of going to press, pedestrian Weston had reported nothing in the way of a troublesome aftermath of Slankie's nightmare.

More genuine \$10,000 gem robberies have been reported in Royal Richmond this week than in all the prevaricating pressagant offices of Goaded Gotham combined.

"Mrs. Bradley's Free; Women Praise God," says a headline. Let that be a little unfair? Why not give the unwritten law its due?

If Mr. Weston nade fast time in walking to Chicago, what a record he could have made if headed for Royal Richmond!

One respect in which truth has an important advantage over the consumer of household supplies is that truth crushed to earth can rise again.

So far the Congress has been offered 6,000 bills, mostly of small denominations, and positively none redeemable in gold at the United States Treasury.

"Don't handle banknotes," admonishes an Alabama contemporary. Ah, don't get fresh!

It won't be long before some of us will be calling it the untitled law.

The Bradley Verdict.

A heroine for the moment, she forgot her act of taking a fellow mortal's life; forgot the infamy and shame of her career when breaking marriage bond and breaking another woman's heart, and breaking up a home, and laying up a store of dishonor for all who might call her by the sacred name of mother, she wailed the life that the law decrees and society proclaims, as beyond the pale of decency, and so of temporary refuge for the nonce. Now plaintiffs are derided this creature—this acquitted creature of yesterday.

Never have we heard or read of a case that appeared to less justify the invocation of the unwritten law than this. Never have we known of a case in which the plain of the law, the arrangement as the means by which the unwritten law could find expression, seemed more absurdly grotesquely inept than was so in Mrs. Bradley's trial. But man's sympathy with woman's misfortune prevailed over it all; and a lawless deed was vindicated in a temple of the law.

With the New York Evening Post and other newspapers who have had so much to say, and have said it so bitterly and arrogantly and unreasonably about the unwritten law as it has been recently applied in Virginia—with these newspapers, we say, "Look to your national capital and witness the triumph of the thing you so detest, and so condemn. Witness it, as it has transpired in the shadow of the great white dome under which the nation's lawmakers sit—Lynchburg News.

The verdict in the case of Mrs. Bradley says a majority of a decent and right-thinking people. It

that time were both in an ascending scale of a widespread popularity, and the characteristic editorial style of the Tribune's under was well reprinted the Soule editorial, entire in its own columns and appended thereto the following footnote:

"The expression of this sentiment has been attributed to the editor of the Tribune erroneously. But so fully does he concur in the advice that he has been moved to reiterate the epigrammatic words of the Terre Haute Express and joins in saying—

"Go West, young man, go West."

Horace Greeley

Famous Words of Famous Men.

"Go West, Young Man."—Attributed to HORACE GREELEY, 1851.

Men and brethren," said Mr. Greeley in 1850 in the closing paragraph of his "Overland Journey," "let us resolve to have a railroad to the Pacific—to have it soon. It will add more to the strength and wealth of our country than would the acquisition of a dozen Cubas."

IMAGINATION
is a valuable asset
when it is healthy,
but when you are constipated
you can't think
clearly.

Take 1/2 Glass
Hayadi James Water
Before breakfast.

Unusually for Constipation.

**A NATURAL
LAXATIVE WATER.**

Bottled
at the Springs.

Avoid substitutes.

was undoubtedly the hypnotic work of an ingenious and eloquent lawyer, and the judgment of the jury was a small man. We believe that the popular verdict is that Brown got his desert, and that Bradley failed to get hers—Petersburg Index-Appel.

Mrs. Bradley was legally a murderer. In England, where public opinion treats as of no consequence the various offenses which bring tragedies like this, she would have had no chance of acquittal, for better or for worse, sometimes with one result and sometimes the other, in this country public opinion often fully and always partially, holds that certain flagrant breaches of trust and confidence make of a man a "bad" man, and that no jury will hold him to be a murderer. The simple remedy lies not in more convictions for the violations of the Sixth commandment, but a more drastic enforcement of the Seventh. If the laws under the latter are enforced, the laws under the former will be enforced, and the former will be like that yesterday—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Bradley is free. As abstract propositions, such trials are not to be viewed without uneasiness and shame by the lawyer of intelligence and character. The one who would speak broadly speaking, in these cases is palpably insincere. To maintain that plea a set of co-located defendants, and to combat it, a set summoned by the State. Each swears according to the state of the mind of the jury, and gives answer to hypothetical questions. Thousands of words in length, utterly nonsensical and silly—and of as much service as a Greek lexicon. The jury understands such a plea in a moment, and the windward, and the jury is the sole purpose of giving the plea of "not guilty," entered in connection with the insanity plea, a more serious and a more drastic enforcement of the Seventh. If the laws under the latter are enforced, the laws under the former will be enforced, and the former will be like that yesterday—Philadelphia Press.

The directors of the Jamestown County Fair, who will run the show again next year, if the people of Norfolk will put up \$200,000. In the matter of the fair, the Jamestown show is easily the most beautiful of the exposition family—Houston Post.

The Jamestown Exposition is over. De mortuis est—New York Mail.

The Jamestown Exposition opened in a blaze of glory and closed in a pall of death—Nashville American.

Ule Sam made some money, anyway, out of the Jamestown Exposition postage stamps—Chicago Tribune.

Anyways, Captain John Smith got a good deal of credit out of the Jamestown Exposition—Chicago Tribune.

Some prophet has predicted a tornado that will destroy all the liars, hypocrites and back-biters in Norfolk, but the exposition directors who promised to pay back the million dollars the government loaned to the Jamestown Exposition do not seem to be frightened a bit—Houston Post.

The Jamestown Exposition is no more, but it will be agreed that it makes a beautiful corpse—Washington Herald.

Well, anyway, the Jamestown Exposition was a good thing, even though it was not an enviable one—Albany Journal.

A contemporary refers to the "official end of the Jamestown Exposition." The intimation that it has long been a dead one is the most unkindest cut of all—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Just at this time the financial exhibit of the fair, which will attract a large number of people, is being largely overlooked—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nevertheless, the Jamestown Exposition did finally meet its finish, didn't it?

MERELY JOKING.

When He Drank.

Employer: "You addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors?"

Applicant: "No, sir. I drink a glass of beer occasionally."

Employer: "How often is occasionally?"

Applicant: "Only when I am alone or with some one, sir."—Harper's Weekly.

NOT FIT TO PRINT.

Mrs. Gushy—Oh, Mr. Vere, I suppose you poets have thoughts that are so heavenly that they couldn't be expressed in writing.

Mr. Vere—Well, we do have some that we'd better not be reduced to writing, for fear that they'd be so heavenly that they'd be so heavenly—Chicago Tribune.

Geological.

Miss Dora: "Papa, Jack told me the other day that you wouldn't believe he had money enough to support me unless he showed it to you. Has he done it?"

Trident Papa: "Yes, dear. He proved it by the testimony of the rocks."—Chicago Tribune.

Inspiration.

"Hurray," exclaimed the inventor of the new kind of dynamite, "this is a mine of nothing but oil and wood."

Rhymes for To-Day.
THE FEARLESS HUNTER.

I've hunted democratic, with a sportsman's touch of Bryanness,
And so I've shot most everything that swims or flies or walks;
I've shot the haughty elephant, I've shot the savage lioness,
I've shot a lot of cougars and many hundred auls.

I've shot a dozen puma and a score or two of caribou,
I've shot the toothful tiger and the zebra of the zoos,
I've shot the cassowary and the cutely plummy marabout,
And once I shot a rhina and a pair of growling gnus.

I've shot the armadillo—how the little beastie do scuffle O!
I've shot the jolly peewee and the violent Great Danes,
I've shot the bucking bison and the brash and bouncing buffalo,
I've even shot a dodo as he dodged o'er the plains.

Would there were more wild animals and fortune would allot 'em us!
I've fearlessly hunted all of them and shot 'em just for roots;
I've shot the whole blasted jungle from titmouse to hippopotamus,
And nothing ever scared me till the night I shot the shoots.

H. S. H.

THE CLOSE OF THE EXPOSITION.

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Inspiration.

"Hurray," exclaimed the inventor of the new kind of dynamite, "this is a mine of nothing but oil and wood."

"Well, what's in that to about about?"

"Oh, said the judge, "the court will make no objection, but hadn't you better leave your court, for the judge seems to have at least an even chance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CHOIR.

Toques, Leggings and Sweaters

Children's All-Wool Knit Toques, in white, solid colors, or white with colored bands, for age and sex.
Children's Leggings, knee length, in white or red, for age.
Odds and Ends of Ladies' and Children's Sweaters at half price.

Faulkner & Warriner Co.,
First and Broad Streets

HILL RISE

By W. B. MAXWELL.
Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.
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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Your father, Jack, is in a great state of mind about this meeting," said Jack. "He always is about such things. It amuses him."

"But about this he is terribly in earnest—more so than I ever remember."

"You know, mother—the prevailing idea seems to be that the Governor is making a considerable ass of himself."

"Why do you say that?"

"From what people say"—and as Jack lastly continued speaking, he brought out a pipe and groped for the match box behind him on the mantelpiece—"as far as I can gather, the opinion is this: The fuss and chatter has gone on ever since June—all talking and threatening like giants. Don't you see, the Gov'nor and the rest won't be going to do. Very well, and he struck a match."

"Jack, don't."

"All right," and he blew out the match. "Well, then, what happens?"

"The advertised date, Hill Rise is jolly well held over their heads, as though—as though—"

"They were so many mice," said Mr. Padfield.

Lady Vincent started violently, turned, and spoke with coldness.

"What do you mean?"

"Yes, I must go."

And, as soon as Lady Vincent had turned her back again, Mr. Padfield really did go. Very slowly rising, he went slowly out into the sunlight on the lawn.

"Your father's strong hope now," said Lady Vincent seriously, "is to save the situation by buying back a strip of the meadows—a protecting belt—four or five acres, which would really save us from the worst. We should still have the best of the tennis court—and space to breathe in. That after all, is the essential thing. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Padfield?"

And, as Lady Vincent started, he looked round, Lady Vincent started. "He has gone," said Jack, "that is a worthless young man."

"Yes, isn't he? Just like the rest of us."

"Don't say that."

"I know you don't mean it, but it pains me to hear you classing yourself with these vacant, foolish friends and satellites."

"Do you count me a class all to myself?"

"I count always on your rousing yourself—doing great things on day."

Jack laughed and shook his head good-humoredly.

"It is only a chat, Jack—just to rouse you. Take an interest in life—not let it glide by you. Be something more in the world than our son"—and Lady Vincent laid a hand upon his arm—"our loved son."

"I am," said Jack, smiling with affected pride. "I am an ex-militia officer. Vice-president of the Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Pastmaster of the Lodge 3215 of Freemasons. Also a Buffalo—but I don't reckon such small stuff. And, as for the world, the other day I was the most popular man of my Hill folk among all the townspeople."

"The townspeople," said Lady Vincent, "are beneath contempt—false patriots. Your father finds his way to the world, and he sees what the cat jumps. The Mayor—Mr. Lovett—on whom one relied, has been absolutely invertebrate. That architect—Mr. Dowling—has rendered no assistance."

"You are well-primed—by the Guv'nor."

"Also that Mr. Crunden—"

"Hedgehog Crunden?"

"Your father is highly incensed with him. He has refused to dance with him. He has invited to come to-day and help, even at the eleventh hour, replied—almost impudently—that he'd come to hear the speech-making."

But Mr. Jack defended the character of old Crunden. To his mind, Mr. Crunden was the best of the townsmen—a good sort, when you knew him. He also had words of praise for Miss Crunden. She used to be the jolliest little child in the world; and now, he added, she had grown into a very decent-looking girl.

"Very funny thing," said Jack. "I've only just twiggled which girl is Lizzie Crunden. She's that jolly nice girl that wears the blue frock. I call it a beastly shame of our girls sitting on her and snubbing her."

"I am sorry for her," said Lady Vincent, "not unkindly, but she brings it on herself. She is pushing up against me."

"She is," said Jack. "I haven't spoken to her for years."

"Why should you?"

"Because she's an old friend. I'd have spoken to her enough if I had time. She was the girl in blue."

"I am sorry for the poor girl," said Lady Vincent. "Of course she is not to blame for her father—and her position is anomalous. But she should understand that she is pushing herself where she isn't expected. Then she wouldn't be snubbed."

"Poor Miss Lizzie! I think our girls should be quick. I think our girls want a jolly good snubbing of themselves, and given Jack spoke in praise of the humble friends. Tell Sir John he is off the line about old Crunden. He may take it from me—the old chap's a trump. Then, with a laugh, he added, "I am bound to stick up for him."

"Why are you bound?"

"Oh, we are brothers—Masons—to begin with; and fair's fair. Mother, I'll tell you. He lent me fifty pounds the other day."

"Jack, at a hole—stuck for money?"

"But why?" asked Lady Vincent in consternation. "Why didn't you ask your father for it?"

"Can't you guess?" said Jack archly. "He might have been asked."

"The Governor doesn't like having his ear bitten."

"But Crunden! Why did you ask him?"

"I don't know. Pure fun. I wanted

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

The Richmond Art Company

Cordially invites you to view a finely representative exhibit of High-Class Water Colors just gathered from distinguished Artists of North, Middle and Southern Europe and the United States.

All the Art Schools and Art Epochs now in Commanding Vogue are included in this Exhibition, prominently the Modern Dutch, French, Italian, Hollandaise, Oriental and American, each represented by Artists of International Reputation, several of these Artists being medal and honor winners at International Art Exhibitions in Europe and the United States. Every picture shown is worthy its master. Without fatigue and inconvenience of travel and transportation, these choice beautiful new Aquarellas are offered for your viewing and selection.

The Richmond Art Company,
5 East Broad St.

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